

## Steam by Edwards-Ebed

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**Summary:** Billy approaches Steve in the showers after gym. Even the threat of being caught isn't enough to stop.

## Steam

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Sneakers squeaked on the polished floor of the gymnasium, the majority of the class returning to the locker room or showers. Half of them had to retrieve their shirts from the bleachers. Insults were exchanged by the two teams after a bitter defeat seventeen to nine, someone was shoved into the doorframe when they went through, while someone else told everyone to calm down – it was only gym. The comment went as well as to be expected. Next thing anyone knew, two of the students were on the grappling on the floor just inside the door to the locker room. They only broke up when the gym coach came in and told them to "stop acting like pussies" and hit the showers.

Steve Harrington stopped by his locker before heading to the showers, grabbing his shampoo, conditioner and towel. As he went to turn, a hard shoulder jammed itself into his back, causing him to drop the toiletries. He held back a frustrated noise, instead releasing a sigh as Tommy snickered.

"Dropping your shit like you dropped the ball?" he laughed as Steve bent down to pick up the bottles, choosing to ignore the comment. When he did, Tommy kned him in the side and he fell against the bench lining the lockers.

"What is your problem?" he snapped as the shampoo bottle was kicked across the floor. Tommy just laughed and walked towards the showers, making sure to step on the bottle as he did. Steve hit the locker with the side of his fist as he stood. Most of the shampoo had oozed out of the top and he found himself wanting the asshole to slip on it when he came out of the showers. Sweet retribution.

He only had a couple of weeks to deal with the bullshit, anyway. Graduation was coming up in less than a month and he could not welcome being out of this hell hole fast enough.

People were already leaving the showers by the time he finished salvaging enough for at least one wash. There were only two people

in the showers, and both seemed to be finishing up, which only made him realize he was going to be late to his next class. Not that the instructor expected anything less. With the clock counting down, having seniors show up at all was an accomplishment.

He tossed his towel on the bench by the door, which was partially wet from the steam billowing up and around the room. As he was turning on the water, the other two left, leaving the shower room to himself. He would be lying if he said he disliked having the room to himself. A bit of privacy was always welcomed, especially when it came to cleaning his nether regions. Given the opportunity, it was the first part washed before he moved to his main priority. He had built up a lather as his mind went from the bullshit of gym class to the actions of a few months prior.

The memory of luring the hoard of demodogs – as Dustin had called them – away from Eleven to give her the chance to close the opening to the Upside Down, being attacked and narrowly escaping death. It was met by another recalling of Max's brother, Billy Hargrove, beating the ever-living shit out of him.

Reminiscing about it had him give an audible sigh as he began rinsing the product from his hair.

He could still recall how, less than a month later, with the cuts on his cheek and brow in their last stages of healing, Billy approached him in the showers after everyone else had left. How Billy's approach made him nervous as his fight or flight took hold as the younger, yet stronger teen backed him against the tiled wall. Every fibre in his being told him to deck the piece of shit across the face, while the rational part of his brain bade against it. Next thing he knew, he was lip-locked with the Grade A asshat with a body that failed to know how to respond, with the exception of the blood racing to the muscle between his legs. Billy had pulled back, snickering as he looked down to mock Steve's boner before grabbing his towel as he left the locker room.

It had left Steve with more confusion than he had ever known.

Something had left him hard as wood and had him force out a quickie before leaving the showers. Meanwhile, his brain was fighting

with the spectrums. Billy was a guy, first and foremost, and he was not jacking off to the fact it was the blond that turned him on. He had only been attracted to Nancy. The way her face lit up whenever she talked, the beautiful curvatures of her body, her smile that would brighten an entire room. Yet, when he came, all he was thinking of was Hargrove's body and attitude.

It brought so many confusing emotions.

He had tried pushing them to the back of his mind, but a few days later, he was in the same situation.

Billy had him against the wall, their lips locked. Only, this time, Steve found his hands reaching out to hold onto Billy's well-defined biceps. The following week, Billy had him against the wall as he wrapped his hand around both of their groins and got them both off at the same time. It became a weekly occurrence from that point on, sometimes more than once if the opportunity arose. In the halls, Billy would occasionally send him a wink that no one else noticed, but would cause Steve's face to bleed red as he tried to feign the throbbing between his legs did not exist.

He found himself growing hard at the memories as he stood underneath the water, facing upwards as he allowed the water to fall down his body. He tried to will the erection away, trying to refute the fact that *Billy Hargrove* was the reason he was hard – that it was *Hargrove* who he thought about every time he masturbated the past few months.

Just as he felt it subside, a strong body pressed against his back and a hand reached around for his feigning erection.

"Thinking about me, Harrington?" Billy whispered into his ear, just loud enough to be heard over the water.

In an instant, every muscle in his body tensed and Steve found himself reaching out to grab the handle of the faucet. "Cut the shit before someone walks in." He tried to keep his voice steady, but it came out tight and uncertain, not helped at all by Billy slowly stroking him.

"You'd love that, wouldn't you? Having somebody watch you get jacked off by a dude." He slowly ran his hand from the base to the head, ensuring special attention was given to the underside of the tip. The sensation had Steve fail to deliver whatever remark he had planned and he ended up releasing a groan that was a borderline whine. Instead, he came out with a shaky "fuck" as his legs nearly gave out from under him. Billy's left arm wrapped around his chest was the only thing that kept him upright.

It was strange.

As much as the Californian held onto his harsh demeanour, whenever it came to these moments, his touches and strokes were oddly gentle.

Even with the majority of his attention focused on Billy's hand, he was still acutely aware of the other's own erection pressing against his inner thigh. Part of him wondered what it would be like to go *that* far, if it would hurt or feel good. Yet, no matter how curious he was, he would be damned if happened in the school showers where anyone could walk in at any minute.

Anyone could walk in.

"So when are you gonna wrap those pretty lips around my dick?"

In an instant, Steve turned around and shoved him back against the wall. Billy just laughed, finding it amusing whenever Steve thought he could beat him for even a moment. His amusement was apparent as he ran his tongue across his bottom lip and glanced down to Steve's mouth before making eye contact. He reached to push Steve's drenched bangs from his face.

That was all it took for Steve to forcefully push their mouths together, his body pressed heavy against his own.

Steve wrapped his arms around Billy's neck and shoulders as Billy's arms wrapped around his lower back. There was nothing than pure heat between them. And when Billy reached his hand around both of their erections to hold them together, Steve found himself thankful that the roar of the showerheads was louder than the moans he was releasing into the nape of the other's neck.

It was always at this point when Billy became soft and gentle. While one hand was pumping their lengths, the other was caressing the back of Steve's neck, his voice whispering in his ear how he was "all right" and to "relax". The soothing tone had Steve respond in ways he did not even know were possible. Having the same person who, at one point, was the reason he had a minor concussion now holding him and treating him like he was glass that could break with too harsh a grip, it had not only his body, put his mind in dispute. Billy made him feel amazing, not only physically, but mentally.

Steve himself had gone from running the school to being an outcast. Outside of Nancy and Jonathan Byers, no one paid him the time of day, unless it was to make his day a little more miserable. However, despite now being the new runner of the school, Billy never once sent him any ill will after the incident. More times than not, Billy would redirect the attention to something, or someone, whenever people were jabbing at him. Billy had managed to slip a note into Steve's back pocket several times. They usually read things like "nice ass" and "pretty boy". Each time, it had a heat grow throughout his chest as he had to fight the urge to laugh.

A low-pitted whine escaped Steve's throat and he rutted against the friction when Billy's hand touched the heads of their groins.

His grip around Billy's neck and shoulders tightened. Billy had kissed the side of his head when he pressed his forehead to the younger's neck, breath coming out in haste as he started panting. In response, Billy held the back of his neck, rubbing his thumb up and down his spine as the pace with his opposing hand became faster, as did their thrusts.

"You're good, you're good, come on," Billy rasped into his ear. "*King Steve.*"

That was the tipping point.

Steve released a loud moan as he rutted against Billy's hand and groin, his cum shooting on their stomachs and spilling down their joined pricks. It was only a second later before Billy grunted, his own seed following a similar pattern.

Steve fell against him, panting as Billy pulled the last bit of liquid out of them both.

He held Steve against him, their hearts pounding together. As the adrenaline subsided, Steve went from holding the other's neck and shoulders to setting his hands on his chest. It was he who initiated the kiss, one that seemed to push out the last bit of the rush between them. He barely paid heed that Billy's hands had cupped his jaw, even knowing he would have to wash his hair for a second time.

"Feel better?" Billy asked as they pulled apart, his tone returning to the arrogance everyone had come to expect.

Steve scoffed and stepped back. "Shut the fuck up," was the only response he gave as he went to wash for a second time.

He had hurried through washing up the second time, accepting being late for his next class. The entire room was empty when Steve had finished. It had him wondering how long they were in the showers, though it could not have been more than ten-to-fifteen minutes. He was in the midst of getting dressed by his locker when he could hear the wet footsteps of Billy exiting the showers and entering the locker room. Just as he had buttoned his jeans, the sound of sneakers on partially wet tile came up next to him. He could see Billy out of the corner of his eye as he grabbed his shirt.

"What are you doing Friday night?" Billy asked without hesitation, jeans hanging low on his hips as he leaned against the lockers next to Steve's with his arms crossed.

Steve shrugged as he pulled his shirt on over his head. "Probably take Dustin and them to the arcade." He brought it down over his waistline.

"Go see *Gotcha!* with me," he ended it as a statement, as though Steve would automatically agree.

Steve released a breath as the left side of his mouth crooked upwards. "What? Like a date?" He glanced to Billy who shrugged, a smirk on his face. "Look, I don't know how they do things in California, but two guys going out together here will get you killed." Though he said

it with an air of nonchalance, the connotation was clear.

"Nothing wrong with friends hanging out, Harrington." Billy pushed off the lockers as Steve closed his. He moved to stand in front of him and set his palm on the locker door next to Steve's head. With his other hand, he pushed Steve's hair from his face. He leaned in to press their lips together, tongue inviting itself between Steve's lips. It was short, but Steve's heart pounding in his chest gave him the answer. They broke apart and Billy pressed their foreheads together while his hand gripped the back of Steve's hair. "Go out with me," he spoke quietly, nearly pleading.

His chest grew tight going over every negative reaction of people seeing the two of them out together in public. Hesitantly, he nodded, eyes focused downwards as the other's lips, of which the corners twitched upwards.

After all, it would merely appear to be two friends together on a Friday night, even if it was Billy Hargrove with the now-loser Steve Harrington.

With Steve's agreement, Billy gave him one last kiss and pushed off the locker.

The blond grabbed his shirt and put it on, watching Steve with an eye of seduction as he buttoned his white shirt, ensuring to leave the first five buttons loose, his pendant resting against his chest. He grabbed his jacket from the bench, eyeing the brunette from head-to-toe as he slipped it on.

"I'll pick you up at five." Billy sent a wink, causing Steve to flush red as he tried to cover his embarrassment with a scoff. "See you Friday, pretty boy." With that, Billy left the locker room, leaving Steve in a state of anxious arousal.